

THE
CRITICK

ANTICIPATED;

OR, THE

Humours of the Green Room:

A

FARCE.

As rehearsed behind the Curtain of the
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

By R. B. S. Esq. &c.

LONDON:

Printed for S. BLADON, No. 13, Pater-Roster-Row.

1779.

THE
CRITIC
AND
LITERARY

Humours of the Green Room

IN TWO VOLUMES

As performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL



By R. B. S. H. & Co.

LONDON

Printed for S. Baillie, No. 13, Pall Mall

1819

TO THE
P E R F O R M E R S

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden Theatres.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

UNUSED to addressees of this nature, you may, perhaps, apprehend, that it is the meaning of the Author to take the advantage of your publick characters, and add insult, by satire and illiberal invective, to the tyranny you labour under from the Men who are styled your **MANAGERS**, and whom you make your **MASTERS**, by a
childish

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childish jealousy and want of unanimity among yourselves.——Insult is not intended.

The Author of this DEDICATION is not only intimately acquainted with the paltry *arcana* of your internal government, but he has, with an attentive eye, for many years, observed that predominant VANITY, which, as it raises the Professors of the Stage to the greatest pitch of perfection when before an Audience, is the source also of that *abject* servility they pay to whatever creature is called *their Manager*; and, instead of uniting their collected strength to check the DESPOTISM of their STEWARD, they impolitely and foolishly try all arts, and practise every meanness, to get into the good graces of *him*, who, they think, will reward them with *parts* to their taste, or remove some Brother Actor, *whose Merit* is an eye-sore to their ambition.—As this is, or has been,

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been, the conduct of almost every individual of consequence in the Theatres,---the eyes of OLD PSALTER were open to the use he could make of this disposition so obvious in the Actors; and from this so evident an error the learned *Deputy* formed the project of A COALITION, which is apparently founded in *Avarice*, and projected with a view to exclude Merit, if *the Performer*, who has ever so large a share, should be less abject and complying than the rest of his brethren.

It is, indeed, equally true, that sometimes the Insolence of Performers has arrived to an uncommon pitch; and the *Ladies* of the Theatres, represented by their *Bullies*, have been uncommonly impudent and exorbitant in their demands.---Managers cannot, *then*, exert their power to more advantage, or more to the satisfaction of their Patrons, the *Publick*, than by checking, with spirit and firmness, the insolence

Theatres

b

of

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of such despicable Husseys, whatever their pretensions may be on the score of Merit. — The insufferable affectation of these QUEANS in the GREEN-ROOM, did it not rouse our indignation, would be food for our *Laughter* in an extreme, and, I think, would furnish matter for an excellent farce, if so great a genius as Mr. B---ly S---d-n would take it hand. — It is known to you, to whom this *very great work* is dedicated, that the most celebrated of your party *among the Females*, whether in Tragedy, Comedy, or Opera, were originally taken from the very Drags of the People, *uneducated, undressed, and unprincipled*; yet such is their Folly, their Impudence, and their Pride, that even Crowned Heads do not take half the state on them which these *tawdry Trapes* assume in a Theatre.

One would think it impossible, that a man so deservedly esteemed as a Gentleman and a Scholar, whose power over both
Theatres

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Theatres is so well known, should suffer so cruel and unjust an exaction as I hear the principal Performers demand when they play for an *under Actor's* benefit.

Pretended sickness is the prelude to this scandalous robbery; and nothing can bring the insolent Upstart to his duty but a previous purse.—If a *Coalition* may at all be suffered, and if your Fears, your Vanity, and your Servility, don't hinder you---begin a praise-worthy *Coalition*, Ladies and Gentlemen of both Theatres; and resolve never to appear on the Stage with a Performer of any Rank, who shall dare to refuse his or her assistance on the Benefit-Night of a Brother Actor.

Most of you, though not all, *can read*—To those who are blest with that gift I recommend the perusal of CIBBER's Life, or rather his Apology. It will instruct the

viii DEDICATION.

People of the Theatres in a knowledge of their own condition.—I defy Mrs. B——y, Miss Y——g, or any other Actor or Actress, to find an instance of Mr. Booth's, or Mrs. Oldfield's refusing to play for a Performer's benefit.

The old Actors knew it to be their duty; they were paid out of the Publick Money. What would BETTERTON, BOOTH, or WILKES, have said to a Performer who had refused to play, because the Actor for whose benefit the play was had only Forty Shillings a Week?——Would not the inhumanity of such a conduct have been represented by the Managers to the Audience---and would not this have subjected the Insolence of the Culprit to publick scorn, and an EXCLUSION FROM THE THEATRES?

Though there is a Vanity required from
you

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you on the Stage, without which it would be impossible you should add Grace and Spirit to your characters, either in your Action or Delivery (as, without *that Stage Confidence*, it would be merely *Sermonizing*); yet those Men of Sense, who are most respected of the Profession, always leave so disgusting a companion behind them with their quitting the Theatres.——A little sprightly Fop of one of the Theatres exhibits JACK MEGGOT *every-where*; and the late Mr. Holland, though a good Actor was ever acting Bajazet *over his Mutton-Chop at Jup's!*

The late Mr. Garrick, whose Action was so expressive of the Author's Meaning, that our attention was arrested from *his Speaking*, by great good-luck *fluttered* himself into applause.——This hint is given to *Don John!*——Every IMPOSTOR is not successful.——Except Mr. *Lee Lewis*, we have

no

xi DEDICATION.

no prospect at present of any great addition to our Comedy Line in Mr. Woodward's walk; and in him we find a very spirited and agreeable substitute. If *Envy* does not remove him, it is not doubted but he will make ample amends for the loss of your old friend Woodward.——It is the misfortune of an Actor, that, when he arrives at 50 years of age, they say "he is getting forward, and likely to become a clever *young fellow* on the Stage."——This is not Mr. Lewis's case; but it was Mr. Woodward's, whose figure was very little injured by Time.

Mr. WILSON and Mr. QUICK, Actors of great spirit and humour, need not apprehend the approaches of Time in *their* professional line, as Age and Deformity are Beauties in their walk of acting.——If I cannot pay any compliment to the Tragedy Heroes, it is for want of an Actor in that walk to speak about.——REDDISH was the
last

DEDICATION. xi

last the English Stage could boast. —
Mrs. YATES is too great for my description.
The World knows it, and regret that at
some time SHE must leave us. — I find
I have digressed from my first intention in
my Dedication to the Ladies and Gentlemen
of the Theatre, to whom I sincerely re-
commend a *Coalition* for the purpose of
destroying that Usurpation and Tyranny
which at present seem to be the object of
the MANAGERS, and which must end in
the Destruction of THE ENGLISH
STAGE.

I am,
LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Yours, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

—last the English Stage could boast.
 Mrs. YATES is too great for my description.
 The World knows it, and regret that at
 some time she must leave us. — I find

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lispall (the acting Manager), } by Mr. H-ll.
 Young Pfalter, } Mr. Br--dl-y Sh-d-n.
 Old Pfalter, } Mr. T. Sh-d-n.
 Tallow-fat, } Mr. H-r-is.
 Peelsoni, } Mr. P-l--n.
 Mrs. Pfalter, } Mrs. B. Sh--d-n.
 Whisper (the Prompter) Mr. W-l-d.

The Editors of the Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, &c. &c. by Mr. P-l--r, Mr. P-r--ns, and Mr. W---l---n. — Authors, Printers, &c. represented by the Company of both Theatres.

(2)

THE
CRITICK, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Green-Room.*

Lispall discovered reading.

Lispall reads, " **I**T is a sure sign, when a
" man borrows money
" of a Jew, no Christian can be found that
" will lend him any."——Zooks! this
is not the book——This is not the play for
B this

this morning's rehearsal---though Cumberland * has hit Young Pfalter's case to a tit-tle; for none but Jews will lend him a shilling. However, I am resolved to lie snug in the basket—Curfed hard, though, that I must take other people's balderdash on my shoulders. If an author, sore from *recent correction*, wants to steal himself on the Publick again; if he can flatter H-r--s, or lend Young Pfalter money, they make Me ostensible till the piece has succeeded; then out it comes, "We can assure the Publick, that Tom Lifpall never wrote a line of the new tragedy, or the altered comedy, or farce, or what not; but that the last altered piece is the work of an Irish Bishop's illegitimate son, now a *li-* very servant to my LORD MINDEN."—I wonder what in the Devil's name TALLOW-FAT thinks I am made of. If any actor is p-x-d, arrested, or drunk, and can't play his part, Tom Lifpall must go on—Prologues, Chorus's, and set Speeches, *all by Lifpall*; and yet I am no more respected for my labours than if I only played twice a season!

* Fashionable Lover.

Prompter.

Prompter.

Prompter. Sir, Young Mr. Psalter has sent orders to me to look well round the avenues of the playhouse; and if any people look suspicious about the doors, he has ordered me to let him know; for he shall attend the rehearsal of *The Critick* this morning.

Lispall. Did you make a general call for the attendance of all the performers this morning?

Whisper. I did, Sir.

Lispall. Harkee, Whisper---If you want to keep well with Young Psalter, be sure you laugh heartily when he instructs the actors in this new farce.

Whisper. Let me alone for that, Mr. Lispall. Don't you think I know my man? We did him over just the same way, you know, at the rehearsal of the FIRE-SCREEN and the little French Miller. You know, he borrowed that from a hint of the Property-Man at the practice of the pantomime of Queen Mab.

Lispall. Zounds, silence!--Winds, catch not the sound!--If Psalter thought you in possession of that secret, you'd never hold a

book in this theatre again. Be very silent and reserved, *Whisper*. Guilt is always jealous; and, as he has pilfered and stolen so liberally, he is suspicious every one knows it about the house. I pretend to a total ignorance of what passes in the literary world; and, to convince him I am not acquainted with his origin, I asked him yesterday morning what county in *Wales* he was born in?

Whisper. Why, I thought he was an Irishman.

Lispall. An Irishman, you fool!

Whisper. Aye, an Irishman——his father was born there.

Lispall. No, no; neither of 'em.

Whisper. Certainly in Ireland; the old one for certain.

Lispall. No such thing.

Whisper. I'm sure of it.

Lispall. You are very wrong informed.

Whisper. Where then?

Lispall. Very near the clouds.

Whisper. In Derbyshire, I suppose, then.

Lispall. Oh, no; upon the top of a higher hill than any in that romantic county. He was born at an invisible country-seat of his Father's on *Mount Parnassus*. It is not yet determined

determined by Geographers where to place the mountain in the map. He was fed with CHAOS and FICTION;---very nourishing food indeed, and mighty palatable!

Whisper. Did you ever taste any, Sir?

Lispall. I only took one tea-spoonful--and what effect do you think it had?

Whisper. Can't guess.

Lispall. It got me with child.

Whisper. Impossible! It could not get you with child.

Lispall. It did though; and I was obliged to send for a midwife!

Whisper. You joke, sure.

Lispall. 'Tis true by Heaven! GOODY SHENSTONE delivered me of a fine girl!

Whisper. What name did you give her?

Lispall. FAIR ROSAMOND.

Whisper. Is she alive?

Lispall. Oh, no;---dead and buried.

Whisper. Poor girl!

Lispall. Yes, yes;---she's gone, sure enough.

Whisper. Whom have we here?---Oh, Mr. Peeloni is coming this way. Your servant.

Lispall. As Young Psalter will be here,
order

order the great carpet to be laid on the stage, or he'll take cold.

Whisper. It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Peeloni.

Lispall. Good-morrow, Sir.

Peeloni. After so foul a night good-morrow is welcome.

Lispall. What, you mean the Storm the *Deaf Doctor* occasioned at our house—a bitter business indeed!

Peeloni. The actors spoiled it—that and a combination—the Publick shall know it—a combination, Sir—My Boiled fowl, I expected, would have saved the piece; for, as to *language, sentiment, wit, and sense*—all out of fashion now: witness the *School for Fire-Screens*. The actors, Sir, devoured the fowl in so voracious a way, that it turned the stomachs of the audience.—My brother authors, too, lent me a lift. *Dumberland* was among them in the Pit. The *Choleric Man*, I thought, had frightened him away from the playhouse for ever.

Lispall. He has a place.

Peeloni. What, is he an exciseman?

Lispall

Lispall. No---Footman to LORD MINDEN.

Peeloni. Aye, indeed! Then he is too proud to write for the Stage now.

Lispall. Yes; but he does it by Deputy, Why, he has got me to alter the old play, and he is to take the profit and credit! I am paid, indeed, in a way—a kind of Stage-jobbing it is. I would advise *you* to that way of writing, and to drop all attempts at Originality. The Town are afraid to attack a MASSINGER, a SHAKESPEARE, or a JOHNSON. Fight under cover, my boy; the world's fond of *deceased* merit. I'll lay my week's salary to a glass of Lisbon, that Young Psalter's next piece is damned, though it is entirely composed of *Abuse*, *Revenge*, and *Scurrility*.

Peeloni. Indeed!--a piece damned that is composed of *Abuse*, *Revenge*, and *Scurrility*!—Impossible!--I know the publick Taste better. You might as well tell me the Editor of the *Morning Post* was to stand in the pillory for abusing the speeches of B—and C. F—.

Lispall. Is not that Mrs. Psalter now crossing the stage?---I think she approaches us.--What in the Devil's name brings her here?

Peeloni. The husband's jealous.

Lispall. Her conduct renders that impossible.

Peeloni. Not as to her reputation; that is immaculate—He's jealous of her abilities—she rivals him.

Lispall. Zooks! Psalter himself is come—Don't let us be found talking—some plot will be suspected. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Stage, and discovers
Young Psalter, Old Psalter, and Mrs.
B. Psalter.

Old Psalter. I don't approve this plan: the Writers of Paragraphs are too obscure. Besides, Foote aimed at this in his BANKRUPT—It looks so like a plagiarism—You'll certainly get exposed at last by these tricks, your thefts are so palpable. The DISCOVERY is the only original comedy that has been produced these twenty years.

Young Psalter. I grant that—but who reads it—who has heard of it—and when will it be acted again? The GOVERNESS and the FALLING SCREEN are established—like Bread and Salt, agreeable and wholesome—

some—suited to every palate——And why?
 —Because there's contained in those two
 pieces the *Plot*, *Wit*, *Incidents*, *Language*,
 and *Humour* of all the plays, operas, farces,
 and pantomimes, that ever were known in
 the English language—aye, or in the Latin
 language either, as *The Eunuch* of Terence
 can testify——Mercy on me! what a
 laborious task it is to *compile* good plays
 and farces!

Old Psalter. Not with such materials as
 you have, Brinsby—you have the manu-
 scripts of all the authors to refer to.—I think
 it ungenerous to plunder the writings of
 other men. Besides, many of them are
 candidates for BREAD as well as FAME.

Young Psalter. Well, Sir, is not this an
 original work?

Old Psalter. What you mean *The Cri-
 tick*?

Young Psalter. Yes.

Old Psalter. Why, if fabricating para-
 graphs that never appeared, and jesting on
 the contents, may be called Originality, you
 have indeed some title.

Mrs. B. Psalter. Them there newspaper-
 writers are very impudent; they don't spare
 even people of condition——One of them

C

says

says as how you are going abroad, Sir, to some outlandish country.

Young Psalter. True, Sir. Did you read the M——g C——e?

Old Psalter. Not I.

Young Psalter. Here it is, Sir; and the paragraph runs thus——“ We hear that “ Mr. Thomas Psalter has compleated his “ *Ab Origine*, being a perfect Lexicon of “ the first language ever spoken by the hu- “ man species; and that Government have “ granted him a pension to reside at the “ Cape of Good Hope, and read Lectures “ there for the benefit of the Hottentots.”

Mrs. B. Psalter. And this here paper says as how “ Mr. T. Psalter is, in conjunc- “ tion with one TIM BOBBIN, going to give “ a few specimens of Oratory at Rochdale, “ in Lancashire, for the improvement of “ the Loyalists in that barbarous part of “ England.”

Young Psalter. The G——r says--- “ Thomas Psalter, Master of Arts, and Mem- “ ber of the *Antiquarian Society*, will be “ shortly admitted of the *Royal Society*, as “ a token of that learned Body’s esteem for “ his labour in giving us a proper oratorical “ GAMMUT; so that not only the Human “ Species

“Species may arrive at the most perfect
 “mode of pronouncing the English lan-
 “guage, but also that MAGPIES, STAR-
 “LINGS, and PARROTS, may be corrected
 “of the *guttural* twang and pronunciation
 “so observable in their different modes of
 “accenting any words of above five syllables.”——Is this to be suffered, Sir?

Old Psalter. Why no; it is too bad—too bad indeed.

Young Psalter. And the *Theatrical Monopoly* charges me with being descended from an Irish Schoolmaster.

Old Psalter. Silence!—hush!—enough!—’tis true.

Young Psalter. No crime in that, Sir,—no imputation at all. A Schoolmaster is a respectable character—an *inestimable* one, if he is capable and does his duty.

Mrs. B. Psalter. Why they might as well say as how I was not a Gentlewoman, because my Father is a Fidler.

Old Psalter. Dick, Dick, why did not you stick to Oratory?

Young Psalter. Dear Sir, I have no FACE for expression—The features of *my* Face are (in opposition to the great law of Nature) inexpressive of any one passion.—

Look at my figure, Sir,—What a stupid, dead-looking eye!—and observe how niggard Nature has robbed me of every power to please!—I am *too like you* to charm an audience—There is a something so like a *Taylor*—such a poverty of look about me (of which I am conscious), that any Attempt at Acting or Publick Delivery must make me more ridiculous, if possible, than I am at present.——Besides, my pride forbids me—I think one vagabond is enough in a family.

Old Psalter. Modestly meaning your Father, I suppose.

Young Psalter. The stigma the Law has branded the Profession with is scandalous and illiberal, I grant, Sir. The Professors justify, you must own, the parliamentary censure; yet, as you have recovered your credit and station by quitting the Stage, I can meet you, Sir, as my parent, and as a Gentleman, without a blush.

Old Psalter. What is all this, Sir?

Young Psalter. I am speaking the sense of the world, Sir; for, though your talents and accomplishments are confessedly of the first rate, though your learning and birth entitle you to the company of a Duke, and the re-
spect

spect of a Monarch; an Ensign in a marching regiment ranked before you while you were only a Player.

Mrs. B. Psalter. Now my Papa was always caressed by people of the first quality, and ranked at Bath with the CHEVALIER TAYLOR!—But then, indeed, Music is a science!—I am as much respected in the Queen's Musæum as ever ZEBRA was.

Old Psalter. This is unmeaning and ridiculous—Come, since this piece must be brought forward, let us proceed with the Rehearsal—Where is Whisper, and the rest of the people?—Let none of the players who are out of the farce attend the rehearsal—let us do the whole in the GREEN ROOM—Where is this Whisper—Whisper, where are you?

Enter Whisper.

Whisper. Here, Sir.

Young Psalter. I'll leave the conduct of the rehearsal of some scenes to you, Sir.—Come, my dear. — *Exeunt Mrs. B. Psalter and Young Psalter.*

O'd Psalter. Did you call Jack Rant to the rehearsal this morning?

Whisper. I did, Sir.—I received this note from Mrs. Quaver, Sir.

Old

Old Psalter reads--“ Cannot engage this
 “ season, as my indisposition obliges me to
 “ a retirement in the country for some
 “ months.”——I’m glad of it. She was
 at ten pounds a week, and I can have the
 business done as well for forty shillings by
 Fanny Warble. She’s in a strolling com-
 pany at Chertsey.——Whisper, send to her :
 she’ll be glad of an engagement. Secure
 her for five years, Whisper, at forty shillings
 a week. If she wants an advance of five
 guineas, let her have it.—What think you,
 Whisper, of our CRITICK?——We ANTI-
 CIPATE these *editors* and *authors*, ha, Whis-
 per!——What will the poor dogs do now?

Whisper. Poor devils!——Ha, ha, ha!
 By Heavens, Sir, they must set their wits to
 work——I am afraid, Sir, ’twill hurt the
 revenue.

Old Psalter. Why so?

Whisper. We shall have no newspapers
 now but the Daily Advertiser. Your son
 has so roasted the rogues, that no one
 will read their trash. I can’t help laughing
 ——What will become of all their *theatri-
 cal intelligence* now? ha, ha, ha!——Ah,
 Sir, your son is a smart one at invention!
 Tom Durfey was a fool to him.

Old

Old Psalter. Aye, at *Invention*——So in fact was Shakespeare a dunce, compared to Dick——My son is indeed an original!——Pray, *Whisper*, have you got any intelligence in the affair I hinted to you---you know what I mean---of Tallowfat's scheme to destroy the COALITION?

Whisper. I am up to it, Sir.

Old Psalter. Well, then, unbosom.

Whisper. A Machiavelian plot, Sir.

Old Psalter. Discover, Sir.

Whisper. He has engaged DON JOHN.

Old Psalter. It cannot be, *Whisper*.

Whisper. 'Tis true, Sir.

Old Psalter. "I would have disbelieved my fight on this"——

Whisper. Yes, and he is to play MACBETH.

Old Psalter. MONSTROUS!

Whisper. I saw your honour play it once.

Old Psalter. Aye, then, INDEED!——
(repeats)---"And all our yesterdays have
"lighted fools the way to dusty death."——

The public will damn him—I'm sure of it
—He has not a single requisite for the stage.

——Don't you suspect Mr. Peeloni concerned in puffing *Don John* off in the public papers?

Whisper. I'm up to that too.

Enter

Enter Peeloni.

Peeloni. I am happy to see you, Sir—
Whisper, I've some business with Mr. Psalter, and beg you'll favour me with an uninterrupted audience.

Whisper. Certainly, Sir. [Exit.

Old Psalter. Sir, as the actors are expected to attend the rehearsal of a new piece, I can't possibly attend to any business that requires time.

Peeloni. I am come to tell you a secret ---a real secret, upon my soul; but, if you blab, my DEAF DOCTOR will never be cured.

Old Psalter. Well, to your secret, then, Sir.

Peeloni. Tallowfat is got sick of Coalition.

Old Psalter. That's no news, Sir.

Peeloni. He has engaged Don John.

Old Psalter. You are too late; we know that too—And you may, if you please, write a critical investigation of his performance of the character of Macbeth.

Peeloni. I am anticipated there, Sir; for, by Saint Patrick, the editors of the Morning Chronicle and of the Whitehall Evening have done that to my hand.

Old Psalter. The editors of papers take such liberties, that we think it high time to scourge

scourge the rascals—*My son* has undertaken the task—Very happy it is for you, *Peeloni*, that you found an asylum in the Theatre, or perhaps you might have FELT our pointed satire—You have DONE a newspaper I know.

Peeloni. Would to God I had the same paper to do again!—Fulsome praise is more hateful to a man of spirit, than honest, well-meant correction. I am tired of feeding the vanity of your theatrical tribe—they are *thirsty* for adulation, nor will they be satisfied with *moderate* draughts—a never-ceasing fountain of Flattery they would exhaust, and at last curse the spring from whence they drew the intoxicating cordial.

Old Psalter. The *Deaf Doctor* has taught you this language, has it?

Peeloni. That is an impudent insinuation, Sir.—I kiss the rod of publick correction; and will, when my efforts fail to please, bear with patience the judgment of so candid a tribunal as an English audience.—I will serve a *Publick*—I am not ashamed of the character of a publick writer; but d—n me if I ever will again write an *undeserving* individual into popularity—neither author or actor, Sir—Let them both be judged as I

D

have

have been—— Neither DON JOHN, as a
player, or THE CRITICK, as a FARCE,
shall find in me a PUFF-MASTER
GENERAL!

Old Psalter. Silence! ---you'll be heard
——Come this way---I'll reconcile these
differences. [Exeunt.

End of Act the First.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE *the Stage.*

Whisper and Tallowfat.

Whisper. YES, yes, Sir, I am certain
he has heard it.

Tallowfat. Who cares. — I have as
great a right to engage as he. — *I know*
as well as him Don John is no actor, but
people thinks *as how he is*, and that's
enough.

Whisper. Ah, Sir, they'll soon find him
out — they are smoaky already — the au-
diences are beginning to sicken. — Young
Pfalter soon found that out, Sir. — DON
JOHN has too many friends *among the Play-*
ers. Lord, Sir, had he one grain of merit,
the actors would have hated him and re-
viled him continually. — No player envies
Don John — *They* are in the secret, and
the *Publick* will find it out soon.

Tallowfat. Well I must stand to my bar-
gain,

gain, good or bad.—Pray, Whisper, what is all this here thing about the *Criticks*?

Whisper. That's a secret.

Tallowfat. Not to me you know.

Whisper. I am mum, Sir.

Tallowfat. Oh, ho, mighty well! — What they want to play the game by themselves, do they! — Let 'em — I'll match my cunning ones, never fear. — I'll lay a Rump and dozen to a *rush-light* that I'll be even with them.

Enter Old Psalter, Peeloni, and Young Psalter, with Lisfall.

Old Psalter. No, Dick; let *Dactyl*, *Pro-*
sody, and *Pamphlet*, begin your second
Act. Get the most skeleton-looking figures
you can, to represent all the authors, ex-
cept the editor of the Post; and for your
publishers, select a handsome, well-fed
part of the company that look Rosey —
such as bear the marks of the drawn cork
and the smoaking surloin. — Let your
poets be well contrasted with your pub-
lishers; and bring the author of *Theatrical*
Monopoly forward without a shirt. —
There's wit, Dick, in *contriving*, as well
as

as in writing—Hey-day, Whisper, what stranger is that you have admitted?

Whisper. Whom, Sir?

Tallowfat. I am come to see THE CRITICKS rehearsed, Sir.—If it is by me you mean A STRANGER, I wish I was entirely so, and at the tallow-vat again—What ill-natured fiend tempted me to turn critic and manager, and disgrace my parentage!—I, who knew nothing of plays, must stumble upon ALBINA, and give a *wale-dictory* sentence against it.—Mrs. Wessingham is a fine woman—but was wrong there—No one to revenge *my* cause!—I must be *in-spllicit* with you, Gemmen; and I asks how you intend to treat Madam Ti-tum-ti for her impudence in that curs'd *Preface*?

Old Psalter. Justice shall be done you.

Tallowfat. I will have justice—"Who sleeps in safety that has done me wrong," as CHAMOUNT says.—I smell a plot—no care taken of me, I dare say, in your *Criticks*.

Young Psalter. What my little Tallowfat here? — I give you joy of your acquisition of Don John.

Tallowfat. Don't grin before you bite.—If I have WHINE,—you have BELLOW
—The

—The town is finely served between us—
I am an honest man, and wants only a reasonable interest for my money—I sticks to that.

Young Psalter. Upon my soul, we have thought on you in the *Critick*, and you know Peeloni is always at hand.

Peeloni. I don't know that.

Tallowfat. What is it you don't know?

Peeloni. That you are consider'd in the FARCE at all.

Tallowfat. Nor does I know it.

Peeloni. I hear, Sir, there's the character of *Dip*, a tallow-chandler, in the piece.

Young Psalter. Who told you so, Sir?

Tallowfat. That's a hit upon me—
Give me your hand, Peeloni—I am determined, Mr. Psalter, to see the rehearsal of this comical Comedy of yours—Sir, I will see it.

Young Psalter. You shall both of you, gentlemen, see the rehearsal of the last act. The first is over.

Old Psalter. This way—to the Green-room.

Lispall solus.

The Drury-Lane Machiavel will find it
hard

hard to out-wit little bustling Tallowfat after all. — I wash my hands of their disputes — Young Pfalter, in his fancied Omnipotence, thinks to carry all before him — He thinks to make his CRITICK a second Dunciad — He must be cautious and avoid playing too wantonly, or he will prove the hero of his own piece, if he is not careful.

Enter Whisper.

Whisper. You are wanted in the Green-room, Sir.

Lispall. I come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *the Green-Room.*

Young Pfalter, Old Pfalter, *seated.* *The Actors standing round.*

Young Pfalter. Who plays Profody? — O, I remember, Mr. P — ns, you have that part — Remember to put on a stupid vacant countenance — appear very solemn, and very consequential.

P — ns. What, *as you look now,* Sir?

Young Pfalter, No — no — Look like *Pomposo.*

P — ns.

P——ns. Oh, oh——now I understand
Thus——

Young Psalter. Aye, aye.——*Mr. Dactyl,* *Mr. Dactyl,* where are you, Sir?

G—ff—ths. Here, Sir.

Young Psalter. You are too fat, Sir.——
Put *G—ff—ths* by for a publisher——
B—f—dn will do for *Dactyl*.

Tallowfat. He belongs to my House——
he shan't play here.

Young Psalter. Very well——Read for
Dactyl.

Whisper. Profody, where are you?

Mr. W——n. Here, Sir.

Young Psalter. Now enter Pamphlet.

Enter M—d—y, as Pamphlet.

Young Psalter. Remember, Gentlemen
Poets, to dress very shabbily; and each re-
member his properties——I mean the
Newspapers.

Lispall. It rests with Me, Gentlemen,
now to explain the author's meaning——
You must suppose those three Gentlemen
behind you publishers for whom you write,
and the quarrel that ensues is the cream of
the jest; that is, to set the people laughing,
and

and to ridicule those Fellows who play the devil with Managers and Performers, under the title of *Theatrical Intelligence*. — Let your behaviour and action be vulgar as possible. — Begin.

First Publisher. Your will with me, Mr. Daetyl?

Daetyl. Only Eighteen-pence, Sir, for three paragraphs which appeared in your paper of Wednesday.

Young Psalter. The Publick will take that — there's Wit with a vengeance!

Publisher. Read your paragraphs.

Daetyl reads---“THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.---We hear, that the Picture of
“of old Adam in Buff seized, by virtue of
“an execution issued in due form, the person of a celebrated Writer and Manager
“not a thousand miles from Drury-Lane;
“when the Bard took Jack Tip-um into
“the playhouse, and placing him on one of
“the trap-doors, (the hint being given,) the
“BUM was suddenly conveyed to the regions of darkness beneath the stage, to
“the no small entertainment of many Gentlemen of the Sock and Buskin who were
“present at the whimsical scene.”

Young Psalter. Very good!

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Old

Old Psalter. Mr. Daetyl, pray, in reading that paragraph, accent emphatically *Bum*, that the audience may *feel* the jest; and pray avoid that *nasal twang* you have acquired.——Why don't you attend my Lectures upon Oratory and Elocution?

Daetyl. My next paragraph says,--That "a Gentleman, till lately celebrated as the "First Dramatic Writer of the age, and "who married the daughter of *Orpheus*, "has been detected pilfering from scenes of "different authors left in his custody for "Representation; so that his pretensions to "Originality are disputed."——The last which I avow is,--"That a certain Lady "is so offended and enraged at the conduct "of a well-known Writer and M--g-r, "respecting her tragedy of the *Woeful Countess*, that Mr. B. Psalter has thought "proper to keep his bed, lest he should encounter the little Amazon by accident, "and the contest should bring him into "some fresh disgrace."

Young Psalter. It is impossible, Gentlemen, to give you a perfect idea of this scene, in the very imperfect state in which we have it at present. We shall open the first scene with a representation of Bridewell
and

and a Pillory erected, with a pair of Stocks at the bottom.—In the Pillory we shall have the Author of *Coalition*, a Farce, pelted by a parcel of scene-shifters and carpenters; such as we ourselves shall employ. The Author of the *Woeful Countess* will be in a supplicating posture to me to release the culprit; who, taking pity on the poor devil, do, on condition of his reading aloud the following *Recantation*, set him at liberty, on which the audience must burst into an immediate shout of applause at my great humility and condescension.

Tallowfat. Let's hear his Recantation.

Young Psalter reads---“ I, Peter Pamphlet, do, of my own voluntary motion, confess I was criminal in presuming to print a word of truth about Mr. Psalter, or any of his colleagues, as he is the Rising-sun of the present generation of writers, superior to the author of *Love in a Hollow Tree*, and equal to Sir John Mandeville.”

Tallowfat. I question that, though—Sir John Mandeville was a great writer—I have read his travels more than once.—Don't you think he was, Sir? (*To old Psalter.*)

Old Psalter. Don't you, Mr. Tallowfat, trouble your head with literary concerns——Make no comparisons——You are not, as yet, equal to the investigation of matters so very criptic as the *profound* of good writing——You cannot syllogistically argue on subjects so remote from men professionally bred as we know you have been——The Cobler should not go beyond his Last.

Tallowfat. No, nor the fine gentleman beyond his income.——My *profession* seems to stick in your stomachs confoundedly——Why, sure, I am a gentleman *now*, an't I?——I have paid pretty well for some experience that I have bought lately——I'm sure I am a Squire and a Patentee.

Old Psalter. You must not vie with our family.

Tallowfat. I don't wish to have any further acquaintance——But didn't you say, Peeloni, there was a character called *Dip* in the farce of the CRITICKS?

Peeloni. I was so informed, Sir.

Tallowfat. That must mean ME, Sir (*to Young Psalter*).

Young Psalter. No such thing——*Dip* is a character of an author who was damned for introducing a scene where two watchmen

men are exhibited devouring a buttock of beef without uttering a word——The Audience would not bear it.

Peeloni. D--n it, Sir, you must mean me!

Young Psalter. And what then, Sir?

Peeloni. Take care, Sir, what liberties you take with my writings——I stand as well with the public as yourself, Sir, and can pay you back in your own coin——I can write, Sir, as biting a satire as yourself.

Whisper. No disputes, Gentlemen, here, I beg.

Tallowfat. I'll stand by you, Peeloni.

Peeloni. "Then let's lose no time——"
"Perish me if I don't set to work, and we'll"
"anticipate the *Critick*, and bring it out"
"before them."

Tallowfat. I say Done!---and so, Gentlemen, good day to you. [*Exeunt Peeloni and Tallowfat.*]

Old Psalter. So ends *Coalition*!

Young Psalter. When we first embarked I knew 'twould end so——But we must get forward, or by Heaven they may, by more than ordinary exertions, be before-hand with us.

Old Psalter. That's impossible——Whisper, order the bills for to-morrow.

Young

Young Psalter. And, Gentlemen Editors and Publishers, come to the last rehearsal to-morrow——and, PROPERTY-MAN, order the carpenters to have the pillory and stocks in good order. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

Property-Man. Take care, Sir, what liberties you take with my writings——I stand as well with the public as yourself, Sir, and can pay you back in your own coin——I can write, Sir, as piping a tune as yourself.

F I N I S

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Young Psalter. I'll hand you, Psalms. *Property-Man.* Then let's lose no time——"Print me if I don't set to work, and we'll anticipate the Critics, and bring it out before them." *Young Psalter.* I say Done!——and so, Gentleman, good day to you. *[Exeunt Psalms and Young Psalter.]*

Old Psalter. So ends Conclusion. *Young Psalter.* When we first embarked I knew 'twould end so——But we must get forward, or by Heaven they may, by more than ordinary censure, be before-hand with us. *Old Psalter.* That's impossible——*Young Psalter.* order the bills for to-morrow.

Young

